

LETTERS FROM THE BREATH OF LIFE

W47

scribblings

SET³:



→ PHASE 10:

NOTES ON MY EXISTENCE

INWARDNESS

THE MEDITATIONS OF HENTRICH

Writing madness. Living madness.

7

Who are we? Who have we been? What are we becoming as a species?

as an individual psychic reality?

On deeper levels, I wonder if the gods and spirits are watching over my journey. How could I have ended up living in the Tank House? This kind of means more to me than the State of New Jersey. How did I end up in

the position of maintenance specialist (parks) living in this house out here down the long road?

I have been in this house for more than five years...

I write, therefore I am mad.

Writing implies madness. There is

too much going on in here,

so much so that I am

compelled to write

One might think on my death

bed I would regret having

not truly lived, how, instead

of living, I wrote, I lived

as much as anyone else. So

I don't fly in planes or go

skiing down mountains, I have

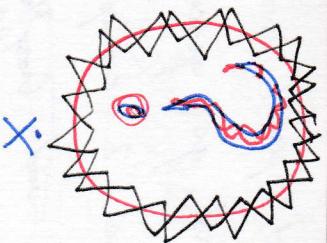
had a deeply reflective life.

If anything, it is I who is

prepared for his death bed.

1997 03 15 ST 02:30

My subconcious



X

play games. During the past 2 volumes, both of which were the same type, I was sober. Now the type of book changes as I change. I am becoming aware of the ambivalence I am experiencing. Bugs crawling from corner and out of chair - and I truly am content here ... yet certain, if not all, women might be treated out by bugs, thereby causing me much unnecessary stress. Welcome

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21:00

I passed away the whole day, but I did go grocery shopping, I did purchase 2 compact discs: Phunny \Rightarrow Fluke Fry and *Cavehouse/Mel Young* *Reckless Moon*.

I may drive out and pick up a movie to watch while stored.

It is interesting how things change so suddenly.

Only 3 days ^{ago} ~~ago~~
Spring and it is below 20°F outside.
The weather outside says it is still winter.
Dream Recall leaves me in a state of reverie upon awakening. Gilroy was

among the Dream Spirits of the Night.

Writing madness. All I have is house chores to report. It is comical that were I to breed, I would have little time for writing. I would not be able to pass the days away.

The email I sent Chuck, the superintendent of the park I am employed by, (see last 2 pages of WINTER 1997: WOTAN RISING) had an effect on him. He called telling me I should not be working for the park, that I was a gifted writer. I feel like Hessey Demian.

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I am a presence that will stand out from the rest. It is no wonder Sherry and I became such a disaster. We were not "on the same level", whatever that means. I do not want to imply that my WRITING MADNESS makes me superior to Sherry. It only means I have reflected more deeply upon my life as well as the universal condition of being.

Writing is evidence of reflection, of thought. To be a THINKING MAN in a role of MANUAL LABOR is not a new theme. I make the best of it by pretending I am in a huge prison system which

out from the rest. It is no wonder Sherry and I became such a disaster. We were not "on the same level", whatever that means.

I do not want to imply that my WRITING MADNESS makes me superior to Sherry. It only means I have reflected more deeply upon my life as well as the universal condition of being.

On a deeper level, beyond the Puritan, Optimian view of our being victims of industrialized civilization, one can see we are naturally born prisoners. We are enslaved by our biological needs.

In the modern world, we are enslaved by many artificial, yet psychologically real, desires.

My grandfather Charles Weber has decided to leave the hospital, to detach from all life preserving practices and to come home to die in peace without the pain of radiation treatment and medicine that makes him lose control of his bowels. He has been humiliated long enough. He is ready to die. I respect him for this decision. I have gotten many of my genes from my grandfather Weber, hence his presence will never leave me. My grandfather Hartwig is still with me as I humbly take my daily bread.

19:00 There is nothing to be had out there. Being alone tends to put one in touch with the finite nature of existence. In the end, we are all alone.

21:20 The history of philosophy is an ongoing conversation. I cannot plagiarize Schopenhauer for I am preaching Schopenhauers philosophy. If I end up spending my entire little life alone, I will become a creature in tune with the ego transcendence — as in sleep and in death.

1997 03 23 5U 08:00

22:10

This evenings answer: Yes.

This mornings question: Do I buy more cannabis or do I abstain for awhile? I will see how it goes. I have the money because there is no one in my life.

What is MADNESS?

I am not looking forward to the coming work week, but who ever looks forward to any work week?

(X)

What is there to do? Why not smoke pot?

One reason not to smoke pot would be to enable my organism to experience peace without being high.

I bought more cannabis. I am doing all I can from getting hooked on crack again. The stuff is in my reach, but I am afraid of getting hooked. I do desire to feel the incredible high from blast after blast (ah, the sweet pains), but I do not want to be looking all over the floor for more. I don't want to run back and forth to the bank until I have \$0.00 in my account. I have to see the bigger picture.

Instead of spending \$40.00 on the street, which would keep me up all night and make for a heavy Monday morning, I could pause with C Programming in 12 easy lessons at lesson 9.

I could spend \$40.00 on The C Language by C's creator, if I concentrate on computer programming, I may be able to keep myself from getting sucked into cycles of self destruction. I am slowly coming to understand C.

23:00

I purchased THE C PROGRAMMING LANGUAGE by Brian Kernighan and Dennis Ritchie. There is also an answer book, but it sells for another \$40.00. I will do the exercises and check for help at the bookstore. What is it that is so tempting about using crack? When I went into the bookstore at 10:30 PM, I was running from temptations. I was being chased by ghosts. This little book glows just like my old Columbus text book. I am not depending on a school to teach me how to program. I want to teach myself the fundamentals.

If I were to do crack, my brain would not be able to comprehend the methods of programming.

Computer programming may seem tedious and "mechanical", but it requires a high degree of intelligence. If I can remain dedicated to programming, I will cherish my brain. My intellect is suffocated in shop work. Programming is a discipline that challenges my intellect.

When I leave the state, I will leave as a computer programmer - not as a maintenance worker.

→ Want to protect the mental processes that are capable of algorithmic problem solving.

I am addicted to cannabis. I stopped back in August. I do not want to use crack again. Why am I always haunted and tempted by voices? Why do I actually entertain thoughts of crushing a blast from a dented can of coke?

I will have to keep my eye on that desire. I think as long as I still have a chance to utilize my brain, I will refrain from becoming a psychotic crack head.

If I get into the habit of carrying a sacred book of secret knowledge, such as the C programming language by K & R, into the shop each morning, reading it instead of conversing about useless crap or rushing into a job.

I will look people straight in the eye: "I am preparing myself for the outside world."

So close to midnight and the moon is full. As I read the C text I experience an unusual sense of awe for the process of trying to master the language linking our invisible abstract imaginations to electronic machines.

In learning to program machines I merge with my twin and my culture. Although I favor the Native American Indian, I cannot keep from being a European American in the midst of the information revolution. I am a fairly fast information processor myself.

03 24 Mo 01:00

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I am fortunate to have a fresh supply of meat (my organism consumes it at a faster rate than I will be able to continue to pay for).

I have been so into studying C programming like a monk studying ancient scrolls that I am unable to go to bed even though I work in the morning. Imagine if I had succeeded to to desire to imbibe crack. What a bizarre universe we live in... imagine crack... imagine one's psychic reality.

The mazes and traps of this world are all about us in our daily lives. We are hardly to blame for falling into them (traps) or getting lost in them (mazes).

One wonderful thing about being one solitary entity rather than one of a family is that none I to be too lazy to cook, I can always fast in the most spontaneous manner. With a family, one feels responsible for providing sustenance. Also I eat like an animal = when I am hungry enough to get food.

21:00 Only 9PM and I am tired.

It could be all the sugar I eat, smoking that is making me want to snore, although the batch is weak.

Grandpa Weber plans to die this week, the same week as his birth. It will be his 80th birthday tomorrow. Grandpa Weber's death will have an impact on my life because my mother will be greatly disturbed by it. As the oldest daughter, she feels she knows him the longest. Is love measured by tears?

It could be so.

03 25 TY 12:30

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During the work shift I find myself inspired by my deepening interest in C Programming. I wish there were some way for me to harness that inspiration during the evening when I am gloomy, when I seem to fall prey to being paralyzed by laziness and inactivity. I am utilizing the internet during lunch so as to have some concepts to study while on my work shift. I also await the day when I can drum.

22:00

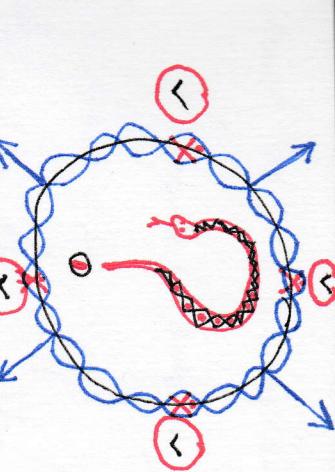
My Grandfather, Charles Weber remains only within our minds now, well, not "only". Grandpa Weber died at 8:30 PM this evening, Wednesday the 26th of March 1997. Grandpa would have been 80 this coming Tuesday 1st April. The Wake is ~~Monday~~, the funeral Tuesday. I will go to work Monday but take off Tuesday. I will run out of pot by Friday. I hope I can keep from buying more. I know it will be a struggle.

03 27 TH 17:00

Inwardness is about detaching from outside opinions and getting into the reality of moment to moment existence as experienced from within the one that is all.

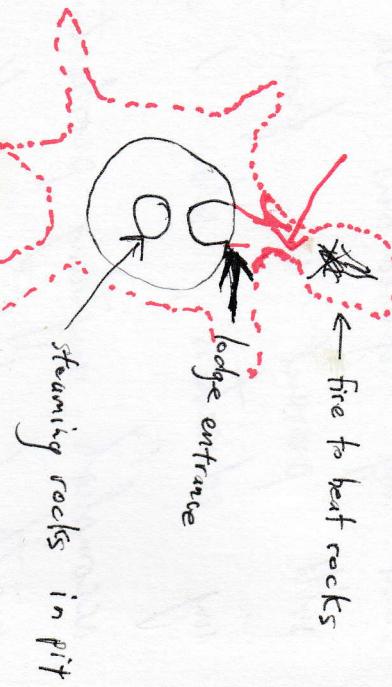
Inwardness is a natural subconscious honesty that knows what motivates the host organism. I can honestly admit to myself in the privacy of my writings that I am once again 100% addicted to pot; but I am also addicted to cigarettes, coffee, kroka bubble gum, and who knows what could be next?

1997 03 27 TH 20:30



When I find myself worrying about where I am going to be in ten years, when I find myself concerned that my gluttonous use of neper will prevent me from continuing my education, when I don't accomplish anything productive for a month (and become self conscious about it), it is time to slow down. The great tedium is as good as death.

note : When walking around a traditional sweat lodge, be careful not to step on the turtles neck.



As much as I complain about my brain (mental powers) going to waste here in my position as a Lakes for the Park service the fact that I am positioned in my beloved hometown as well as housed at the heart of ~~is~~ my childhood Ramps Gramm, ~~is~~ is a great force in my life compelling me to treasure the shots of luck.

↑
one sentence

Likewise, I left the above space blank because the symbol [?] has been with me since The Book of Wonder

Mental note : Schaperhaver used long sentences. Besides, these pages are small. ~~WRIT~~ ^{smaller!} ~~WRIT~~ ^{smaller!} Look ~~those~~ back →

It is fun to give into the mythic impulse.

It seems to be the **TRUTH** to say

each individual organism is insignificant

in comparison to the endless void.

It also seems that we are

the most important "THING" in

the universe.

'Who cares?' Who am I writing to? No one wants to hear this.

'Who cares?' This central nervous system cares. IT is directly connected to the world.

Basically, it IS the world.

Notice the difference between 'Who Cares?' and 'Who Cares'?

This **THING** wants to write. This **thing** wants to write.

It is probable that my desire to write source code is deeply intertwined with my obsession with reflecting upon my existence daily even if I find myself institutionalized. Let's hope something that horrific doesn't happen again. Prison is the main deterrent. Death frees all prisoners, prisoners of every type --- Death frees us from all our cares, all our concerns. **B** What does it mean to reflect upon death? to become **READY + O DIE**

How these communications occur between the sensory receptors and the perceptions 'generated' by the union of world, receptors, central nervous system

is the great mystery of BEING.

Does death free us from being?

Does BEING transcend death? Is there a dimension beyond? Are all the legends and myths unconscious symbolisms to explain the mysterious realities of life?

P. 52

How is it I am an atheist mystic? I am a holy demon, in no way an angel, but ~~bestower~~ endowed with some of the essential traits of the angelic.

When I become confused when faced with ~~illiterate~~ illiterates who look down upon me as a worthless, lazy trouble maker, when in reality I am a noble scholar with mystical knowledge, realize could never bestow any of this knowledge to Claude Reynaud. He really is condescending, as though it were a joke that I were teaching him something. The situation is ironic to the extreme.

I am fortunate to have read
as much as I have for I
am able to see the irony
instead of being devastated by
the fact that NONE of my
mental powers were of any
use to my employer. I am
paid to work.

Highly skilled literate are made
foreverans, while a philosopher mops
floors while studying computer programming
in the janitors closet. This is as
it should be. After all, it is
1997. Philosophers are of no use to
the Industrialized CIVILIZATIONS.

I AM A PHILOSOPHER.

The philosopher will peer out.

To be a philosopher is seen as a
joke by all levels of management
right on down the line.
Hammer that nail.
Nothing NEED be done.
"Get to work."

To be a philosopher is seen as a
joke by all levels of management
right on down the line.
Hammer that nail.
Nothing NEED be done.
"Get to work."

Build something. Fix something.
Give us a reason to promote you.
NOTHING NEED BE DONE!
NOTHING NEED BE DONE!
I need not eat. I need not
breathe, I need not exist,
I need not procreate, I need
not consecrate, I need not
hammer that fucking nail (although
I will just to pass time), I
need not wash windows and sweep
bricks. Who cares if Big
Brother is watching? uh?

I wonder what I would do if I
didn't write. Would I drum more?

Drums can put one in a deep
trance. I enjoy playing the
drums as though I were an
African Voodoo Priest. I often
just keep time for rock beats
or practice rudimentary exercises
but considering I used to beat
on 55 gallon ~~steel~~ cylinders
in the back yard with a cut
in half broom stick, I also
feel free to interact with
the drums however I like to.

I was able to step outside onto the
grass and dirt for a minute or so.
It is about 55° at 10:30.

I mention this as it is my
own tradition to put my bare
feet on the earth the first

chance that would be warm enough.

Once the leaves grow from
the branches of trees, I slip
outside in bare feet often.

It is then that the work
boat begins to symbolize the
hoof to me. We are like
horses. These things can be
explained away with reason to be
grateful to have a job.

John
John

Death will take me as sure as it will take all individual existents.

These words will fade away like they were never verbalized. If

time can reshape the landscape of planets, watch suns die and planets become suns, then what reason do we have to believe

human culture will survive?

?

When seen on this level, it does not matter whether ~~or not~~ one breeds or not. It does not matter if one writes or not.

Whatever this universe is, our place in it appears to be as some sort of mutation between ape and extra terrestrial.

I will be keeping track of my eating behaviour as I suspect I

may not be eating enough. All is relative. To whose standards do we measure how much food to eat? Are we not creatures hatched from the egg of biological need?

Am I intelligent or spaced out?

What I mean to get across is that we are creatures just as much as snakes, dinosaurs, spiders, apes, etc are. We

are beginning to look like giant inside out ants (as a species).

These hard cover note books take

too long to decay. They take
too long to burn.

And yet these handbooks

do have the quality of making
what one reflects upon mystical
in that we never know in
whose hands this and these

books will end up [in].

It is the occasional hardcover
book that will surface once in

a blue moon in order to

keep the DIARY MATERIAL AS A
WHOLE. Handbooks interblades will
give reference to notebooks pieces
and following -

FOOD CONSUMED 3/29/97 DAY OFF SAT

| | | |
|--------|---|------------|
| banana | 1 | die banane |
| apple | 1 | der Apfel |
| cereal | 1 | |
| bowls | | |

pizza

73

pot helps me write. ~~the~~ The
~~process~~ process of leaving a trail
of dunes behind when one dies
is awesome. The process of
writing daily becomes a habit
until eventually there are 100
volumes of diary material at
your death bed.

03/31/1911 11:00

What makes crap will I scribble? "Everyone" is busy working, but I have taken the day off so I will be driving to Grandpa's wake and funeral. I will stay down at South Jersey tonight, returning to Freehold tomorrow after the funeral, mass, and lunch.

I will have little chance to write, so I will not be bringing my "note book". Another reason for switching to composition notebooks is because they are easier to carry away from home, whereas

a book such as this has to be read as it resembles a diary. A composition notebook looks less personal, more scholarly.

I am worried about CPC.

I fear I will have to call Dr. Timman (in the office) to schedule an appointment - and yet, as this is up to me

to do, I feel great resistance at the thought of it.

I will have to tell them I am smoking pot. Why lie? After all, I am spending way too much money on it. ~~o~~

04/01 TU 18:00

Seeing the huge

Weber clan, my mother's family, at
Grandpa's funeral today made me
very aware of the whole structure
of our society, of our traditions,
of our pair bonding nature, of
our being the outcome of countless
numbers of sexual unions.

We are the outcome of sex.

Everything centers on sex and
reproduction. If I do not

reproduce, "the Henrichs" disappear.

It does not matter at all.

No more funerals or baptisms
for Henrichs then!

I was a wall flower at the wake.
I sat against the back wall and
did not attempt to "mingle".
I observed
myself as an outsider as I
could not bring myself to
interact even with my family. I
was an unmarried, fatherless
grandchild at his grandfather's
wake/funeral. (the oldest male grandchild)
, have no family of my own.
Still, I would not trade places
with any of them. Whatever the
reason may be, I am not sure,
but I continue to elude the
pair bonding relationship that might
be conducive to reproduction.

It seems these adorable little angel grow up to be drug addicts or alcoholics or some other imperfection of the human character.

My life is unlike the life of a husband/father/"breeder". I have no ambition to earn more money. The only reason I even go to school at night sometimes is to seek KNOWLEDGE.

How busy the breeders are!

Even the priest made a joke about how he had a feeling the family would be around for a long time = MANY GENERATIONS.

Yet the Fonteniks [grandma, dad, myself] are

falling out of the picture.

I felt resentment from Sam and his family. I insinuate he has been under a great burden these past several months. It will be a relief to get back on with our lives, but I have a feeling funerals are the purpose of life. Life, my sick friends, is a series of funerals ... a seemingly endless cycle of births and deaths. Talk of the City of Jerusalem and the Son of God focuses too much on the individual personalities stretching across time.

Grandpas death is a process , or the main process of existence.

One can never predict ones birth, but one can certainly predict that he will most certainly die within the next 100 years (which is a very short time relative to the amount of time things have been fucking and feeding on this planet).

Our deaths are certain. Nothing matters.

Shall we cling to family ? Shall we cling to life itself ? It is best not to cling to anything. It is best to let go/ slip back out of my life.

There is no one out there. We are all within . These are just words on paper that may or may not survive a hundred years. For the most part , this is an outlet for my own struggle to process reality ~~to~~ more intimately . I endure the comments that degrade my humble position in society ; but I am ~~the~~ one with the universe . I do not see myself as being enslaved by an employer / state . I see myself as positioning myself in a place to age , to pass time , to hide away from the city and the suburban colonies .

Riddles are for madmen and other
such ridiculous folk who have so
much time on their hands that
they can write the stream of
their consciousness on paper
or a daily basis and in an
extremely obsessive manner.

I write the Diary of the Madman.
I am possessed by the Writing
Madness. It is utter madness
to write obsessively one's most
inner reflections, and yet one
cherishes bursts of creative energy.
The best insights come ~~while~~ ^{while} going
off. "GOOFING OFF" is the ~~solitude~~
ideal state to ~~live~~ in for mental power.

Who would care to read another
private notebook after one were
deceased? Who would care?
There is a thing-in-itself that
cares about continued existence.
This thing-in-itself resides in and
is all that wills, all that
desires.

My life is and always has
been an experiment. All
individual existents are experiments.
Others could gain wisdom
and insight into the nature of
existence through reading some
of my everyday philo-sessions.

I am mad. It takes great intelligence

even to become insane. Insanity

is based on behavior which is

grounded in motives, desires, and

knowledge / belief.

To wish for death of the
universe is insane, whereas to
wish for eternal life in the
city of Jerusalem is sane.

Sanity is decided by one's culture.

We are victims of tradition.

We get caught in the cycles
of birth and death.

I do not know the answers,
but I do not accept the mythology
of Christianity, Judaism, Islam etc..

21.15

How could any man not

~~the~~ be enthusiastic about life were

a young woman like Stephenie

Weber to be his mate? And

yet, as passionate and magical
as life would be, there is

no escaping the miserable nature

of existence. The remarkable

thing about Stephenie is that

she also seems to have great
character ---

She is a symbol of hope.

She is a dream, a vision.

My cousin is proof that there
~~not been exposed to such beauty~~

exists. I have no hope of ever

being with such a woman as she will very soon become. So, is it that I have not found the "right woman for me" or is it I am afraid to be carried away by chaos and the power behind a woman's charm?

On one hand I am a safe monkey in a work-farm-stable who has not pain bonded (mated, reproduced) with a permanent mate yet, and on the other hand I am a

mass of water-electricity-blood-(geneticode — actually has no mass) — structure is in the gene code, which is invisible.

Invisible code = its NATURE

the same time, I am sensations.

I am all I sense. I am what I experience. I would rather smoke a joint and write nonsense at the same time taking pleasure (simple pleasure) in

the very process of scribbling the words on to paper, than be tangled up in the drudgery of real life.

Writing is not real life? If I were tangled in the Web of Love and Family I would have less time to PHILOSOPHIZE.

Is philosophy real life? Of course. Listen.

(M) X

Although we have seen in our culture the rise of business oriented, practical minded institutions, and philosophy is seen as something hippies and ~~had~~ taking gas pumpers ~~do~~ engage in, philosophy is larger than life. The phrase is bulletin board -- of course because money talk.

Money = business = practicality

Money is the form of control

Philosophy is beyond economics and

business -

With philosophy we ask the question, why do we exist? We do not accept traditional, ready made FABLES. We sincerely wonder why we exist at all. Would it have mattered if we did not exist?

With philosophy we prepare ourselves for death. We become ready to die, whenever.

That makes philosophy a higher level of interest than business, politics, economics, family, sex, life.

1997 04 02 WED 22:00

Philosophy comes out of life,
and yet transcends life.
To question the meaning of
existence itself is to challenge
this process we find ourselves
"as" (not "in").

What is the meaning of this process
we are? Do we live to
eat to live to breed to live
to eat to breed to die?
Do we live to die? This seems
to be the case.

Without life, there is no death.

This is all a wonderful illusion.

DO NOT WANT TO MAKE AN APPOINTMENT WITH DR
I REFUSE TO TAKE URINE TEST..

The same applies to my
X O T E S

X

from Richard Kalish's Nihilist:
"With these notes for what they are
worth... for me. Under no
circumstances, in any shape, manner,
or form, were they intended for you.
They were written and kept solely
for the singular joy I received
from them; and — the most important
reason — for what they added to
my original experience and thought."

0403 TH 12:15

Even though I

I believe that if one goes off long enough, one will discover the great secrets, the deep truths, the penetrating revelations, the kind of discoveries that alter the very nature of our experience and thought. I may be looked down upon by family or society or women for being a laborer in a park in a State that also uses prisoners for the same purpose, but I am in a position where I am able to indulge in the craft of goofing off. Reading Nihil est hec will be mind expanding goofing off.

completed the gas reports (after splitting the data into separate sheet so as to close one month and open the next), took care of region office trash, etc., I am still made to feel that I do not accomplish anything at work.

I hear, "He USED TO BE a great WORKER. I don't know what happened to him." or "He just hates manual labor. He hates to construct. He hates to be used like a farm animal" I HATE THAT I AM MANIPULATED BY MONEY.

✓ am a nihilist.

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What else can I do now but wait about the personalities I have to put up with? The old

73 year old at work always gives me blankets, coats, food, etc.

He asked me if I would come down to his house to

live, fertilize, and take his yard.

Even though he has a small yard, I refused.

I understand that a decent

man of good character would help him. I do not want to do yard work. I guess I am no good.

nihilism

1. total rejection of established laws and institutions.

2. Philosophy

a. an extreme form of skepticism, the denial of all real existence or the possibility of an objective basis for truth.

b. nothingness or nonexistence

3. anarchy, terrorism, or other revolutionary activity

4. annihilation of the self or the individual consciousness, esp. as in a mystical experience.

I am a nihilist.

nihilism

is total and absolute destructiveness,
the power-mad nihilism that
so strongly marked Hitler's
last years.

I am nihilist [1, 2, 4]

I want to write.
I want to read.

I do not want to work.

LUNCH IS AT NOON around

here. 12 NOON is more powerful

than 2 PM. I am beginning
to break through barriers.

Would a woman's presence in my
life cure existence of its futility?

When AND if a woman were
to become a significant part
of my existence, I am sure
I would be unversed happily.
Should I remain alone, then

I may perceive myself as
a biological nihilist in that by
not reproducing I am seeking
non existence as an alternative
to this twisted web of illusions
we call existence.

I dread returning to work.
I stretch the 1/2 hour break to 1.

The great trick for me is being able to maintain the awareness of an animal being manipulated and controlled.

I work in a park. There is a lot of being outdoors under the sky. I am able to be alone frequently. The location is ideal in that the shop is next to the house. This gives me an army of advantages that I utilize on a daily basis.

I want to figure out a way in which to "contemplate" while working - an invisible diary.

I most certainly cannot speak what's on my mind at the shop. The only problem is that ignoramuses and blockheads end up screaming in my cranium about stupid matters.

I do not enjoy the company of others. I do not respect 73 year old men in the civil service. I know that I am fortunate on the one hand, but on the other hand, life is meaningless and I am a natural born philosopher.

I am capable of "doing nothing".

Not many can be still doing nothing. They feel they must do something in order to justify their existence. Who cares?

I don't even have to worry about material for writing about. Daily life affords a plenty of revelations.

It is pay day. As much as

I enjoy smoking reefer, I wonder if I will be able to just stop. I wonder if nihilism

will reveal itself to me in the unreal moments of the day. This whole reality is a mental picture.

What does one do when one does not want to eat even though one is hungry? I chew the food, but I just can't seem to swallow it. I just can't seem to swallow life.

I don't even want to write.

If I could get a hold of some reefer, that would get me through this foul, anti-life mood.

I have thoughts of buying cocaine, but I am afraid to get hooked on it again. If I do it once, I will do it again.

What do I do?

I couldn't even get down Federici's pizza which I usually deserve.

23:00

Blessed be the plant cannabis
natural and the effect it has when
inhaled by the human organism.
I am eased. I begin to take

an interest in ~~poet~~ (why did I write
that?) music, writing, knowledge, and
plain old relating.

I am thankful to whatever
powers enabling me ~~this~~ ^{meant} to
medicate my existence with a
drug that will eventually put me
to sleep. $\frac{1}{2}$ per joint of this
batch was like smoking 2 of the
other shit.

I need $\frac{1}{2}$ milk

0405 SA 1100

117

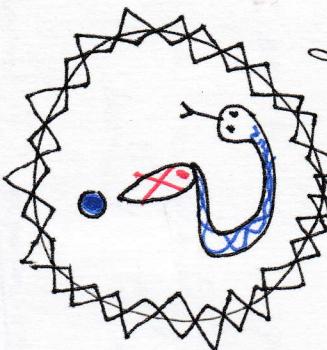
I went for milk at 2 AM. On the
way back to the house I drove
slower than usual down Throckmorton
between the Black Sheep Club and
Home C. I had King Crimson's
"Industry" playing at full volume,
and I witnessed the looks on
some faces as the waves from
the old ~~sets~~ reached their ears.

The music went along with the
whole list of those seconds of
my decision to "keep on driving".

I am smoking a substance that
will keep me up for 3 days
only to find myself psychotic again.

What is a "natural drummer"? 122

One who tops sticks together at an early age, One who beats a stick back and forth between y's in tree trunks, One who beats a "cut in two broom stick" on 55 gallon metal drums in the middle of winter, ...



What does it mean to waste one's life away? What does it mean to reject established institutions? What is the denial of all real existence? What is nothingness?

Psychosis == Spring fever

16:30 at 0405SA

After a long fasting spell I am able to eat a couple Thomas' English muffins heavy on the butter. No cheese, No tomatoes, No mushrooms. Just mucus and cranberries of toast and butter.



To do nothing is the vocation of many mystics, holymen, and lamas. Writing must be my vocation. What will happen to my notebook when I die?

"The Upanishads tell us that food is life. These were my reflections as I guzzled Tropicana orange juice from a 64 ounce jug.

22:30

I rose from slumber

0406 SU 0630

at 0500 hours, put on coffee, smoked a cigarette, smoked a couple joints, listened to music, beat on the drums, downloaded IRC

software and instructions on how to set it up on my PC, and even managed to cook and consume bacon, eggs, and toast.

15:30

I went back to sleep at 0900, woke at 1300, drove out for smokes, and devoured 5 bowls of cereal with some coffee. Even though I did the dishes and have plans for a walk through the woods, I feel the great tiredness pursuing me like a they in the night.

The great tiredness is as good as death in that it frees me from living.

19:30

I drove over to the bookstore. It was there on his break from a 3-11 shift looking for This Perfect Day. He thinks it a classic as I do that it is out of print. I felt very conscious of being stoned. I had just smoked a whole joint. Luckily he had to run. Odd that I was there then.

21:00

The dreaded Sunday evening before returning to the hell of Monday morning enslavement to the chains of the clock. The hair on my face is protruding wildly now. It is as like in This Perfect Day.

I am deathly afraid to make appointment with the psychiatrist.

She would be shocked to find I have been "sick" for two months now. I don't think I will

attempt to contact her until I

am almost out of medication,

and even then, I may just

stop taking the medicine.

After all, what is a chemical imbalance anyway?

0408 1700

I have an urge to sneak over to the bookstore before dinner. I will smoke the last of the blessed canulas this evening after dinner.

19:30 I saw S1 again at bookstore.

I saw Kristen, but she may not have seen me. She mysteriously disappeared before I checked out with her. Henry's

Demers Box. The signal tells me that there is no signal. I have yet to be welcomed by a woman's glance.

I miss being desired by Sherry.

My mother impeded into my psychiatric supervision. I told her I have yet to reschedule my past due appointment.

I have slipped through the cracks. I notice glances from local people. It is as these people know the park worker who lives

in the undeveloped area of the park. I am a local myself.

I wouldn't mind dying on the old Belknap lands, or even

right here in Monmouth Butterfly State Park. I feel like a

monkey in a jungle. I have been in Freshold [This olde Freshold]

for 26 of 30 years.

These woods is gettin' thin.

04/10 TH 17:00

Coming in from the shop I feel lost. I immediately remove my work pants and put on sweat pants. I then roll ~~a~~ a joint. I have had enough coffee all day at work. I had to share my supervisor my teeth today as he was challenging my decision to take a break at 10:15 AM this morning.

The boss may think he is going to "act like Mr. Foreman" with me, but I am not going to be one who gets bullied into working harder. Hit me once with the whip! and I stop working. Hit me twice and I strangle the master.

There is not anything I even want to do. I have laundry to do.

The usual. The pot helps me relax. The notebooks make sense now. It is my responsibility to keep track of my psyche. A few more toke off the joint and I will be drumming.

First I smoke, then I write, and then I drum. I have a pattern. I wonder when

the psychiatrist is going to attempt to destroy my thoughts, thoughts that invite drug use in order to remain "in tune with deeper realms".

To write about work seems pathetic, but I can't keep myself from visualizing the hatred in my foreman's voice when he believed he could push me around like some run away slave.

I am not merely my physical being, although my physical organism has a lot to do with my psychic identity. When the bosses and management have to interact with me, they are forced to interact with a (mental case) creature with a high degree of intellect. This makes me a passionate man prone to behold the emptiness of our lives.

During the day we live our lives in the roles we are destined to play that day in the fabric of our societal system.

Even if I were a mental patient in a hospital or a prisoner in a correctional facility, I would still be a creative that would stand out from the rest as far as my writing, thinking, and speaking. And yet, drug abuse and alcoholism are common to prisoners, mental patients, and writers. Why is life?

To simply take care of one's biological needs is a constant chore, the occupation of the organism's entire cycle up to the point of death.

I am going to try folding and putting away the laundry this time instead of throwing the clothes into piles on the spare bed.

Slowly I will clean the house in stages each weekend. Soon enough it will be clean enough for my taste. I will not hurry to some schedule.

Somehow I will deal with the fact that I am encapsulated in this life support system that is slowly robbing my life from me day after day, week after week, year after year. (To be free from the need to have a job... that would eliminate the problem I seem to have with my wanting to FIGHT authority.)

Death will set me free.

Slowly I will endure the pathetic attempts made by clumsy overseers to control me, but

I will not give them the

satisfaction of a smooth running operation. I have considerable

amount of mental power, and I will use it to serve my will.

They may be able to control me into working, but they are unable to control my mental processes.

The very fact that I agree is a direct confrontation. I not only challenge authority, but I openly piss on it when I assert my animalistic rights!

If you don't like me, shoot me.

Put me to sleep.

The heat that warms my bones is provided by my employer.

The heat that warms the bodies of millions of prisoners across the continent is provided by

some "agency, government, company".

Give me shelter.

While I was incarcerated, I would imagine being placed

(as an animal would be placed

in a location suited to its

nature) in a job in the

social structure that would allow me ample time to kill outdoors... time to think, time to brood, time to stew.

I find myself wide awake with
writing madness at 4 AM in the
morning. I wonder if I will
sleep again before "reporting"
to the shop at 8 AM.

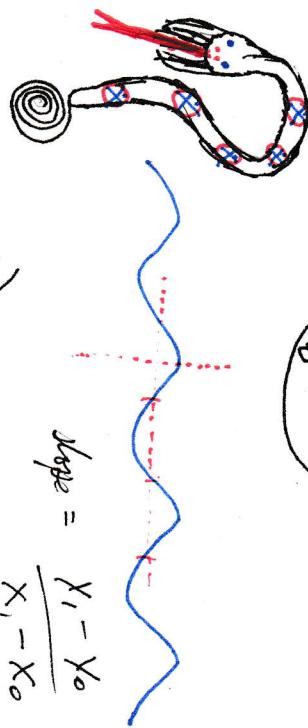
Even though my job gives
me shelter, the very shelter I
enjoy while off the clock, I
still feel the chains that
hold me captive here.

When will I leave here?
How will I ever save money?
Will I ever meet another woman?
Will I stop taking medication?
Will I go back to college?

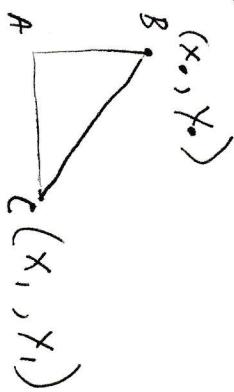
I dreamt of Sherry. I also
dreamt a "Term-looking" woman
was kissing me. I notice
young women, and I realize
I am 30 years old with
little to offer besides my
compromisability.

Are people like me freaks?
Without someone in my life,
I have much time to
think about the human
condition as it is in itself,
without the security of being
cherished.

17:00



$$\text{slope} = \frac{y_1 - y_0}{x_1 - x_0}$$



distance from B to $C := \sqrt{(y_1 - y_0)^2 + (x_1 - x_0)^2}$

I have an intuitive understanding of this. It is good to know, and

I bet this understanding helps

me in ways I am not even

consciously aware of. I really

do resent not being able to live as

the Pythagorean did.

18:30

Why is life? At least I had the cash there last couple of months to take it easy and smoke pot. I do to my low budget!

What does this creature consume for

it end of the day meal?

Coffee and donuts?

What does this creature plan on doing

borders bathing, smoking, and writing?

Will it rent a video? Will it

organize its entertainment tapes?

How much cereal will this monkey

eat over the weekend?

I have no money, and yet I have shelter and personal belongings - the precious artifacts of a solitary man who feels closer to animal than civilized man.

I feel like a farm animal, a ~~high class~~ ^{poor} lower middle class slave, and yet there is comfort in being captured, provided for.

My individual life is meaningless at the same time I am the thing-in-itself, the will to live.

How does one overcome the will to live? What is The Devil's Will-to-Live?

Could it be that I am to enter into another study of Schopenhauer's The World As Will and Representation?

I was studying C programming religiously until I got confused about pointers and arrays. I will be forced to attend the community college this fall to study C.

In the meantime, I have these serious questions to deal with: why am I not eating? What is the denial of the will to live? How can I forget what I have learned from Schopenhauer, from life itself?

I have the serious questions to deal with: why am I not eating? What is the denial of the will to live? How can I forget what I have learned from Schopenhauer, from life itself?

Experiment: drink one Molson beer.

I think the one beer, but I have no plans on buying any. I have plenty of pot to smoke. I do not want to start depending on alcohol too.

I am no longer afraid of the psychiatrist. I refuse to go to a 12 step program. I

I happen to have one beer, or even if I happen to smoke over an ounce of weed per week, that is the behavior of a creature that is prone to ~~complain~~, think the world is an ~~experience~~.

I live to die.

04 17 TH 08:00

What do I write instead of reporting to work? What would people say (think, do) were I to write in a journal such as this over at the shop? Suppose the book were to fall into the wrong hands?

The creature that I am feels the double edged sword of civilization. I resist, but there is no use "fucking". Athletes breed... all ~~things~~ breed. This fuck. Why is it difficult for me to get out the door? I feel the reality. Farm animal reality.

Nothing else can be stated as the aim of our existence except the knowledge that it would be better for us not to exist. This is the most important of all truths, and must therefore be stated, however much it stands in contrast with the present day mode of European thought.

SCHOPENHAUER WILL AND REPULSE

According to Schopenhauer I am on the right track. I am so thankful for death, and yet I am powerless to resist the demands of my biological organism which is forced to adapt to its environment (natural world, culture, artificial worlds).

07:45

I found a bolt, but I decided to drill the holes later. I may have to buy a few small drill bits.

I notice sharp pain in my gums. Such is the nature of being a raw biological mechanism.

We get warts, pimples, gum disease, cancer, aids, stress related mental disorders, ~~and~~ ad infinitum.

What I find so amazing about drif work is that for

8 solid hours, there seems to be a strange hold on that part of me that thinks. I become a horse working the fields.

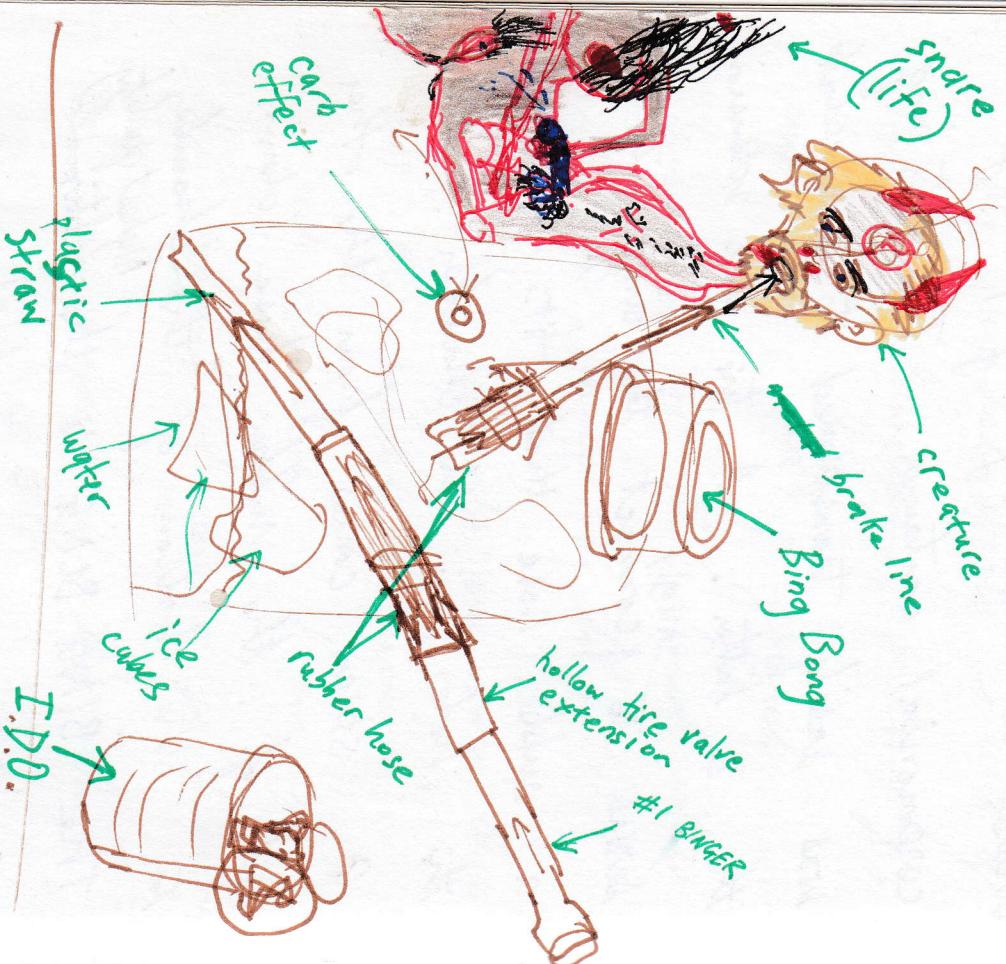
Philosophy becomes meaningless, and the whole idea that I am a man of great intellect becomes a joke as I shuffle in to pay for my orange juice with quarters.

And yet, for a working class janitor/glass-cutter/philosopher, I have been placed in an environment with a low level of stress.

I sometimes imagine there are presences of mind behind the scenes that have placed me here.

05 04 54 09:30

321



The Heinekens and Budweisers left me with a splitting headache. I took a couple aspirins, cleaned some dishes, and made coffee. I have no plans for today. As usual, entropy is at work in my reality.

When I went to the store

Yesterday, it was so crowded that I thought I may be having a nightmare. This is no nightmare. It really is that overpopulated around here.

The fact that we are creatures, intelligent mechanisms, makes us "crafty". I am lizard and plant.

On a Sunday, I am

better off just staying around the house. I may do some walking through / in the Woods, but I do not wish to drive into the Weekend Traffic Jam of Freshfield and Mandapam.

I hate these people just because they exist. I do not have to meet them as individuals to decide whether or not I like them or not. I view most people as a hostile and aggressive swarm of madness. Each of us is invariably focused on our own desires

holding away down this long road off of The Battle of Monmouth Road, I can think of no motives that are strong enough to compel me to drive out of this Sanctuary.

The only possible treasure I may go out in search of is some Reggae music at DiscO'Rounds. If I make the trip out of here, I will most likely hit the bank and grow up.

I am one of the swarm of consumers, even though I am in search of a meager track of music that will inspire me to keep my eye on my death.

What is physical appearance but
an illusion in the sensory
apparatus of that which perceives?

I see myself first of all as a
creature which makes me at once

a perceiving mechanism as well as
a life form to be observed by

that which is "outside my skin".

When I sneak over to get some

more times, will I worry about

how I am perceived or will

I be more concerned with

driving safety to insure all

my organs and limbs remain in

tact.



I am diagnosed with a dual disorder:
both a mental disorder and an
addiction tendency. My life will
be a series of relapses into
full blown addiction, including
all the helplessness and despair
that that leads to.

The authorities on human behavior
tell me I am MANIC DEPRESSIVE,
fucking bipolar horse crap!

{ How does that 7 oz Bud Nip taste? }
The taste is not the important thing.
How does it make me feel?
I am alive. I am a free creature

in a boundless universe of chaos.
I will not feed into the
madness of 12 stepism and
the psychiatric inquisitors.
A 7oz bottle of Budweiser at 11AM
makes me dance. It puts a bit
of bounce in my "ex-convict
graduate of a college prep
academy" step. I will do my
initial drive down "THE BATTLE OF
MONMOUTH ROAD" = "THROCKMORTON
STREET" to "SOUTH STREET"
to "DISC O ROUND, ATM, gas station".
I will be looking for rough neck
raggae for OM5.

Will not a trip to the mall for a reggae music cd be a stressful experience with all the traffic and swarms of jews?

If I am to coexist with

these swarms of suburbanites, I will have to adapt to the conditions they bring with their shopping mall culture.

The purpose of searching for new music, even though cash is precious, is to somehow attain a state of grace through the

musics' messages.

Do I really know what I want? Don't I just running away from reality? I am escaping the reality of the human condition through these not in full fantasies.

The other side of it is that if one placed a mexican woman out here with her children, she would believe she had died and went to heaven.

I am living in my own little sanctuary. Of course it is tempting to HIDE AWAY.

Although our species has developed the ability to "TIME-BIND" (pass knowledge/experience down from generation to generation), in the Long Run, over unfathomable periods of time, even our most sacred philosophies and most powerful technologies will be a fading flicker of noise in this empty ocean of perceptual illusions.

I am certain my writings will be read, but I can no longer afford to keep filling these \$15.00

journals every season. I will use Composition Notebooks.

I will write more because I will not feel so committed to avoid Nonsense.

Also, these hardcover diaries beg to be read, and, although this will serve a great purpose after my death - thereby leading the reader to the rest of the diary material, I will be relieved while still living to have my most personal thoughts, behaviors, and emotions kept hidden away in some academic looking series of Notebooks.